

BANNED

THOSE WILD, WANTON ENGLISH MOVIES ☐☐☐☐ THE STRANGE
CASE OF PATTY SMITH ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ UNCENSORED ☐☐☐

JULY 1965

\$1.50



ADULTS ONLY





Volume I

Number I

Banned

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THOSE WILD, WANTON ENGLISH MOVIES

British cinema goes to bed, takes a ruddy good share of American audiences with it



Here's a scene you won't see in the U. S. version of the film: Bond reaches for iced champagne to break monotony of love-making with Miss Eaton.



Albert Finney, young star who created an international stir in "Tom Jones," cuddles with Rachel Roberts in "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning."



Intimate scene from "West 11," story of jazz clubs, pubs and fast living in London area named in title.



In a new British satire of the James Bond series, "Carry on Spying," secret agent Honeybutt encounters an occupational hazard with her shoulder holster.



Sultry Vanda Hudson in another curiously-titled flick, "Father Came Too."

Remember the quaint old British movies that you used to see on the Late, Late Show . . . the ones where you usually couldn't figure out the plot, and if you did you couldn't understand what the devil the characters were saying? Remember? Well, today you may see an occasional English movie on TV, but it will smack of stark realism or ultra-subtle erotic humor..

Television, of course, is still a family medium, and it will be a long time in catching up with the neuvo-realism that you can see at your neighborhood art

theater. But English movies in recent years have shaken off the last remaining shackles of Victorian puritanism and have taken to the boudoir with untypical British fervor.

There is indeed a revolution in English films today, and it has involved the sudden transition from the day of the Angry Young Man to the era of the Virile Young Man. In any British film worth the price of admission, be it social criticism or whimsical farce (or a combination of both), there is at least one scene



Unfortunately, Miss Eaton is murdered by the fiendish Goldfinger, who orders that her curvy body be covered with gold paint.

Sean Connery as the irrepressible James Bond in the film version of Ian Fleming's "Goldfinger" whispers sweet nothings to his secretary in the flick, Shirley Eaton.



Amanda Barrie as Cleopatra covers up in scene from "Carry on Cleo."

Domestic difficulties are settled in the boudoir in this scene from "This Is Our Street."



CONTINUED



Luscious Nadja Regin plays the minor role of Bonita in the film. The lead female character had the rather curious name of Pussy Galore — in the book she didn't dig men, but Bond, of course, straightened her out.



Popular British star Anne Heywood is surprised by unexpected visitor in Anglo-German film, "In Search of a Murderer."



The British even make sexy horror movies. Here's a scene from "The Night of the Were-Wolf."



It's the story of a young man who tries to capture with a camera what painters and sculptors try to achieve in their mediums.

where a healthy young man happens to be seducing an earthy, willing young woman. The plot may not necessarily be built around the seduction, or even lead up to it, but the seduction scene(s) becomes the focal point of the new British cinema.

The photos on these pages are a good cross-section of British bed-

CONTINUED



Happy love scene in "Saturday Night Out."



Another British nudie which you can see in the U. S., "Peter Studies Form," tries an arty touch.

American Star Kim Novak journeyed across the sea to strike this provocative pose in British production, "Of Human Bondage."



room cinema today. Both in bed and out of bed, the characters dancing across your screen are healthy, vigorous representatives of their respective sex. Many of the for American consumption—you'll movies depicted here you can see on American screens, although a good deal of the scenes have been scissored by ever-watchful U. S. censors. Some of the films are not for American consumption—you'll either have to journey across the Atlantic to see them, or wait until America grows up in its sexual attitudes. ♦



After convincing her boyfriend that he only wants her physically, girl submits anyway in fitting climax to "The World Ten Times Over."



Janett Scott displays lovely legs in "The Beauty Jungle."

Janette gets right down to basics: bra and blue jeans.



SOFT SKIN ON BLACK SILK



"SOME LIKE IT COOL"

GENTLEMEN PREFER NATURE GIRLS





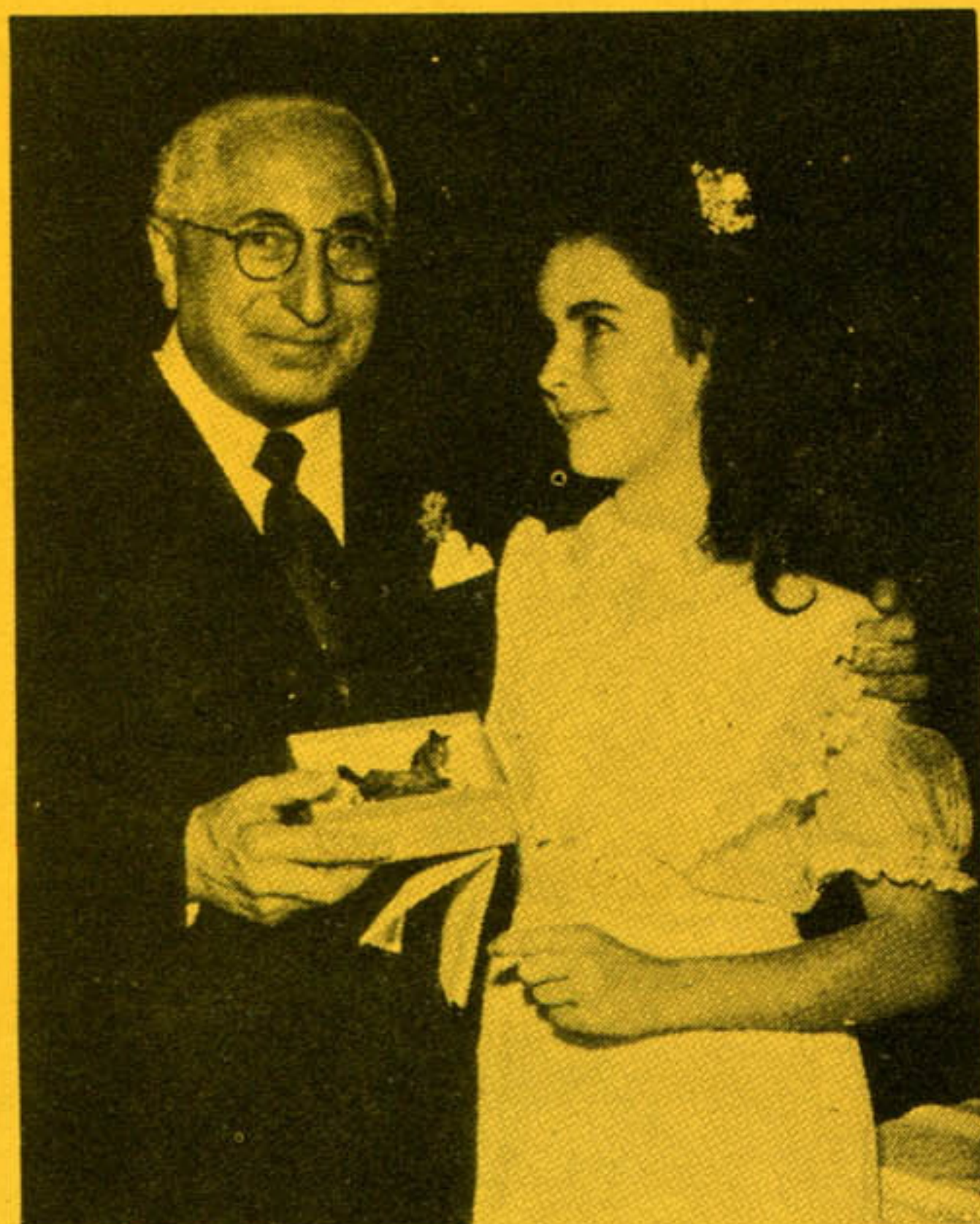


Louis B. Mayer:

SULTAN OF CENSORSHIP

By Clark Ames

The MGM Mogul brought puritanism to American movie screens



Mayer at his birthday party with Elizabeth Taylor (1944).

Half the box of popcorn is finished and you're trying to find a place for your orange drink on the seat next to you that keeps righting itself everytime you push it down. The titles of the main feature have finished flashing themselves on the screen, unless, of course, they're not given somewhere in the middle of the picture. You settle down for the main feature. You haven't seen the newsreels because there aren't any. They went out when television came in and naturally after the feature you will not get the little cartoon served up as dessert, which kind of told you that the whole thing was a lot of fun and, "We didn't really mean it." (No matter what the feature was about.)

Then Natalie Wood's or Audrey Hepburn's or Tuesday Weld's face appears on the screen looking every bit like a smiling 15-year-old virgin happily running across a meadow on a spring morning to the barn for the sole purpose of milking the cow.

Shock time. She is really a whore! A new type of prostitute manufactured in Hollywood. She has no resemblance at all to the old fashioned (also a Hollywood product) good-hearted whore who gave it away once in a while to the lonely doughboy of yesteryear.

Some 20 years ago the Hollywood boys at least made an effort, with heavy make-up, to make the actress look somewhat realistic. Granted, the only thing that was accomplished was that she looked as if she were wearing her mother's high-heels and lipstick, but it was an attempt.

When is the motion picture industry going to realize that if they made their prostitutes little pimply-faced, diseased and unwholesome looking with a business heart of stone, they might not be criticized quite as often. This business of making them look like the girl next door (every time) is really what the public objects to. European movie-

makers have known this for a long time and have been capitalizing on it.

Why do we always see the good, clean-cut prostitute or the kind-hearted killer, mixed together in the same film with the puritanical dope addict and the thief a la Robin Hood? It's simple, we have been "brought up that way"—movie-wise, that is. And I do mean brought up.

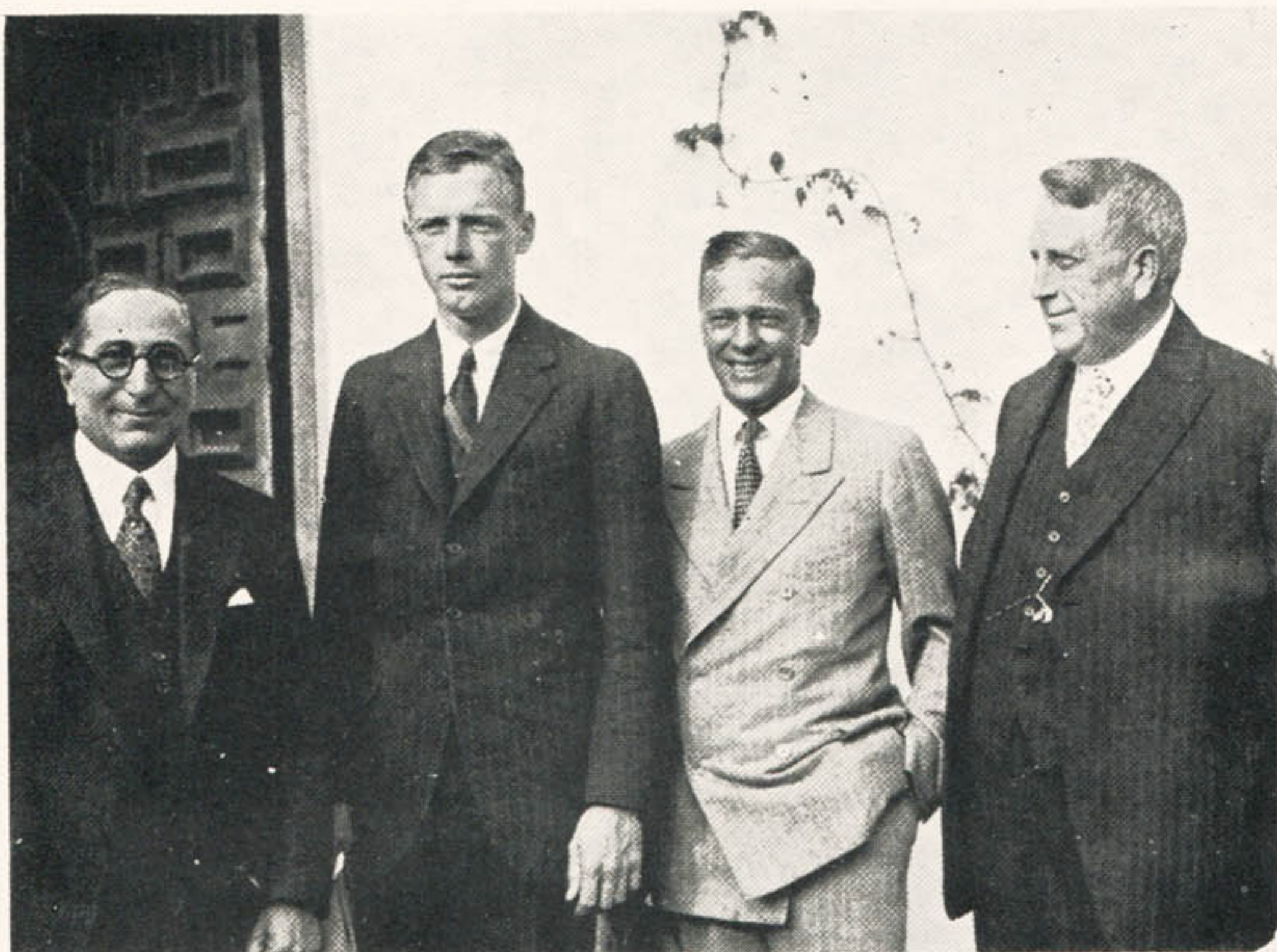
From a decade after the turn of the century to immediately after World War II the average American had the movie habit. We were addicted to the Friday night movie as we were to chicken on Sunday, laundry on Monday, or the inevitable Saturday night bath. The last habit, thank God, didn't last quite that long.

Who set up this "apple pie," "corned beef and cabbage," code, this "purer than thou" book of rules? Where do these moral standards come from? The answer may be found in preachings echoed from Russian ghettos



Mayer and his family on location for filming of scenes for *Ben-Hur* at Livorno, Italy, in 1925. Left to right, Irene, Mrs. Mayer, Dr. Jones, Fred Niblo, Carey Wilson, Mayer, Edith, and Bess Meredyth.

A famous quartet outside the Davies bungalow: Mayer, Charles A. Lindbergh, Edgar B. Hatrick, executive head of Hearst's motion picture interests, and W.R. Hearst.



at the turn of the century. That's right, none other than the most powerful individual in the history of the world's most popular art form—Louie B. Mayer.

You may righteously ask, "What about boy genius Irving Thalberg; master technician Darryl Zanuck; the charming, well-mannered Samuel Goldwyn; literary B. P. Shulberg; steady trooper Jack Warner; or the tyrannical Harry Cohn? They were all big in tinsel town's heyday?" True, this combination dictated to the world what people should view on their neighborhood theatre screen. But, Rajah Mayer was the biggest. He held the power of life and death not only at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer but at the other major studios as well. After all, was he not the highest salaried man in the United States for over nine years? Didn't this one time rag picker, junk dealer, nickelodeon operator head the largest and most productive film studio in the world? Wasn't he President Herbert Hoover's "Hollywood boy" and a close friend of William Randolph Hearst, the newspaper magnate?

Of course the five major studios were business rivals, and when it came to cutting throats they all did their share, but they also had a strange alliance for the obvious purpose of "making a buck." But again, L. B. Mayer was top man. He was so big that at one time he tried to have Budd Schulberg ("What Makes Sammy Run"), son of B. P. Schulberg, head of Paramount Studios during the Twenties, deported from this country. That's right, a second generation American citizen, born in the United States. Budd Schulberg makes some very funny comments on this in his article, "How Are Things In Panicsville?" in *Life* magazine, December 20, 1963.

Yes, L. B. Mayer is responsible for the mental and moral attitude that many millions of people have today. Subconsciously, much of our own thinking and many of our standards come *not* from the church, or the synagogue, or the class room, but directly from the formula set down by prophet Mayer.

Perhaps he was right in his concern for ultra-morality on the screen. This self-appointed protector of the American image may have offset the corruption taking place in the world between our two world wars. Or was this his high moral purpose? And did he concern himself and the motion picture industry so much for the sole purpose

of presenting to the world an image of himself? An image that in the end he himself could not fulfill.

What was he then? Hollywood's archangel or its satanic diplomatic dictator?

Samuel Goldwyn, who lost no love over him, has been quoted as saying, "The reason so many people showed up at his funeral was because they wanted to make sure he was dead." While Danny Kaye championed Mayer by saying, "He exercised all the passions fiercely. He could love, he could hate. He could help you or hurt you badly. He was full of enthusiasm. He was great!"

As determined and ambitious as the cocky L. B. Mayer was during his reign as Hollywood monarch, I personally feel that he has done as much to develop, as to destroy the motion picture industry as any man of his time, which by the way, represents the time and existence of motion pictures as an industry. I say "as an industry," because today it is not. It has found its way and has become an art.

To understand the problem that Mayer and the other studios had, we must remember that vast sums of money were being invested in this new art medium. Financially, they could not chance being wrong about the end product; and therefore, had to create what became almost a religion as to the way their characters in their films reacted to various situations.

To give an example, Mayer, during what he called his "Mission Road Days" followed the (even then) weather-worn pattern of the poor but honest and decent young girl thwarting temptation and immoral assaults, throughout his pictures. Resulting, of course, in a happy ending—her virtue triumphant.

While other producers, in the beginning, were leaning toward sex and racy themes with much displaying of the flesh (by today's standards, child's play), Mayer passionately fought for honor, fidelity and "virtue-sorely-tried." Parental love was his favorite theme (the Andy Hardy series). Self-sacrifice was the cream of his virtue. (In "One Clear Call," a hopeless, tubercular man commits suicide to relieve the strain of his beloved family.) He dared to try to produce Andrew's, "He Who Gets Slapped," a completely poetic, emotional piece, as a silent picture. All one has to do is to see and hear the Jed Duane translation and adaptation of the piece to understand the ridicu-



Former President Coolidge and his wife are shown the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot by Will H. Hays, Mary Pickford, and Mayer.

lousness of the project. His continual cry was, "I will make only pictures that I won't be ashamed to have my children see. I'm determined that my little Edie and my little Irene will never be embarrassed. And they won't be embarrassed if all my motion pictures are moral and clean."

Several incidents occurred that gave Louie B. Mayer his way concerning the establishment of a (his) rigid moral code. Women's clubs and members of the clergy were demanding censorship of motion pictures. Some wanted the movie houses closed on Sundays. Others demanded that they close altogether. This all came about when newspapers were suggesting that a hell of lot of hell was happening behind the scenes in Hollywood. To cite some examples that caused public annoyance: Mary Pickford's Nevada divorce from husband Owen Moore on a charge of desertion and her subsequent marriage to Douglas Fairbanks. This as it stood caused little to-do, even after Miss Pickford swore she would never marry again. The public was still not upset when, after one short month, she attended a dinner party given by Douglas Fairbanks in her honor, was issued a marriage license by a Mr. R. S. Sparks, a deputy county clerk, and was married the following day. What really upset everyone was that Nevada's attorney general filed a suit to set aside the divorce decree, charging collusion, fraud and untruthful testimony. (Continued on page 68)



BANNED MOVIE REVIEW

'PLAYGIRL AFTER DARK'

with
JAYNE MANSFIELD

Bosomy Jayne Mansfield's movie career in the last decade has followed an irregular course. Some of her films were fantastic losers, while others have been a good showcase for her sometimes dubious thespian talents. One of her better dramatic efforts was in a British flick called "Playgirl After Dark," which was issued not too long ago. In it she plays a warm-hearted glamour queen of a Soho district night club involved in gang warfare between two rival strip club kings. The male lead is played by Leo Genn, who makes a complete departure from his customary type of smooth, professional roles in the part of "Gentleman" Johnny Solo.

The story begins when French journalist Robert Jouvel (played by Carl Boehm) staff reporter on a leading continental magazine, is assigned to report on the boom in Lon-





A worried Midnight gets a call from Solo and learns that he has been beaten. Miss Mansfield's generous assets are amply displayed in movie.

don strip-clubs. After much cajoling, he receives the reluctant permission of Johnny Solo, owner of the Pink Flamingo, to let him use his club as the basis for his story.

At the regular Monday morning audition held by Midnight Franklin (Miss Mansfield), trainer and singing star of the cabaret, Jouvel shares her disapproval of Solo's selection of naive 15-year-old Pony Tail. Although well put together, she is a mere baby compared with experienced strip-girls such as good-time seeking Cynthia, who revels in the attentions of the jaded, elderly clientele. As he gathers copy for his story, the young Frenchman finds himself strongly attracted to cabaret dancer Lilliane Decker, who treats all of Solo's patrons with contempt and whose past is shrouded in mystery.

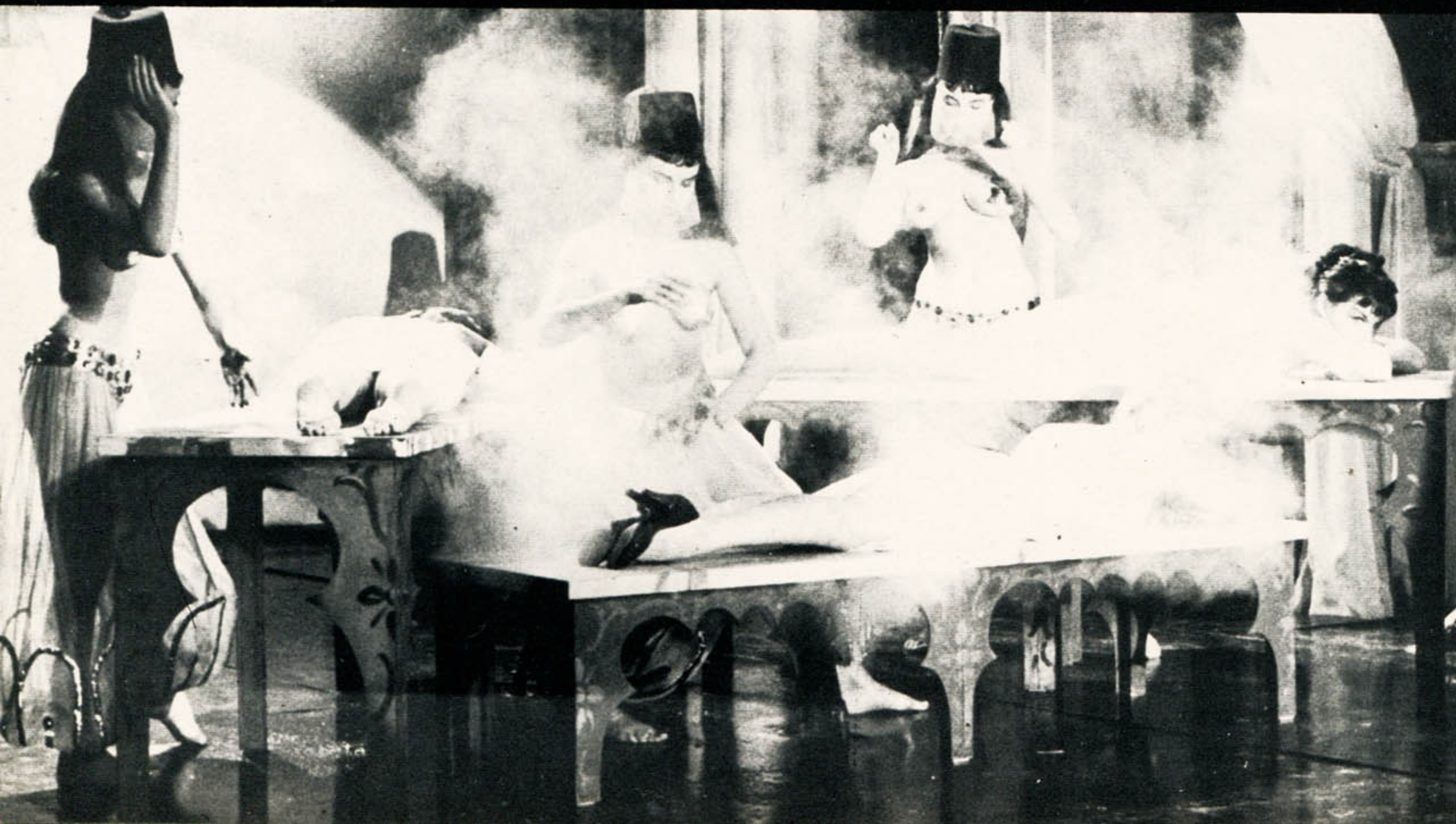
Meanwhile, behind the scenes a man named Novak, the bullying manager of the Pink Flamingo, is

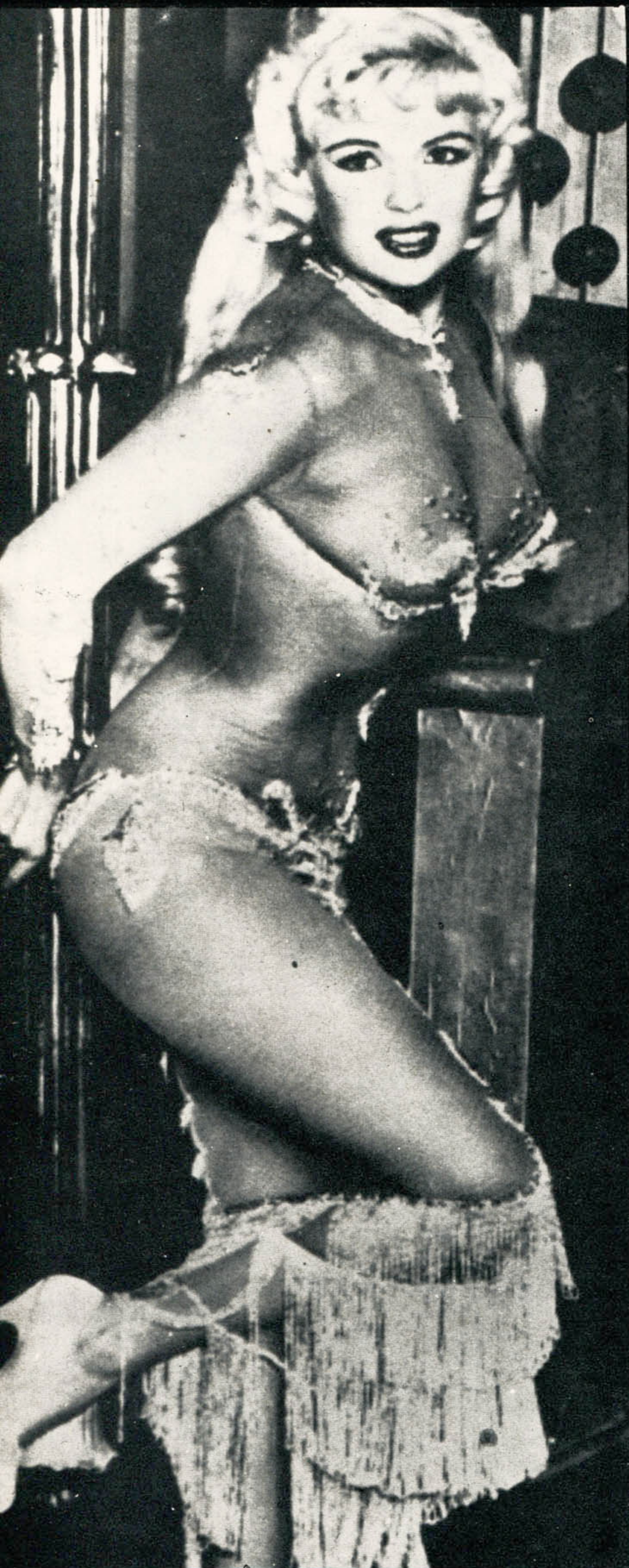


"Playgirl After Dark" had many scenes such as this displaying a lot of female pulchritude. This was African voodoo dance

The massage parlor scene got even hotter when everyone forget about business and began dancing wildly. The parlor became a steam room very shortly.

A steamy production number at the club shows a massage parlor stocked with beautiful customers—and equally beautiful masseuses. Hot stuff!





Jayne in her transparent costume. Some of her scenes in this outfit were so hot that they were almost censored, but reason prevailed and American audiences can see the whole show!



Midnight amuses the customers at Pink Flamingo. She was the crowd's favorite performer, offstage and on.

ganging up with rival club king, Dinelli, who resents Solo's financial success and is determined to oust him. When Dinelli bursts in with an anonymous telegram demanding protection money, Solo scorns his suggestion that the Mafia has returned to Soho. Then Solo receives a blackmail note demanding \$1500. He hatches a scheme to capture the blackmailers, and while he fails in this attempt, he still gets the last laugh because he stuffed the ransom envelope with old photographs. Dinelli and Novak had offered to "help" Solo, and are furious to learn that he has tricked them.

Fearing reprisals, Midnight begs



Backstage, Midnight and friend are confronted by unexpected intruder. Friend covered up, but Midnight couldn't be bothered.



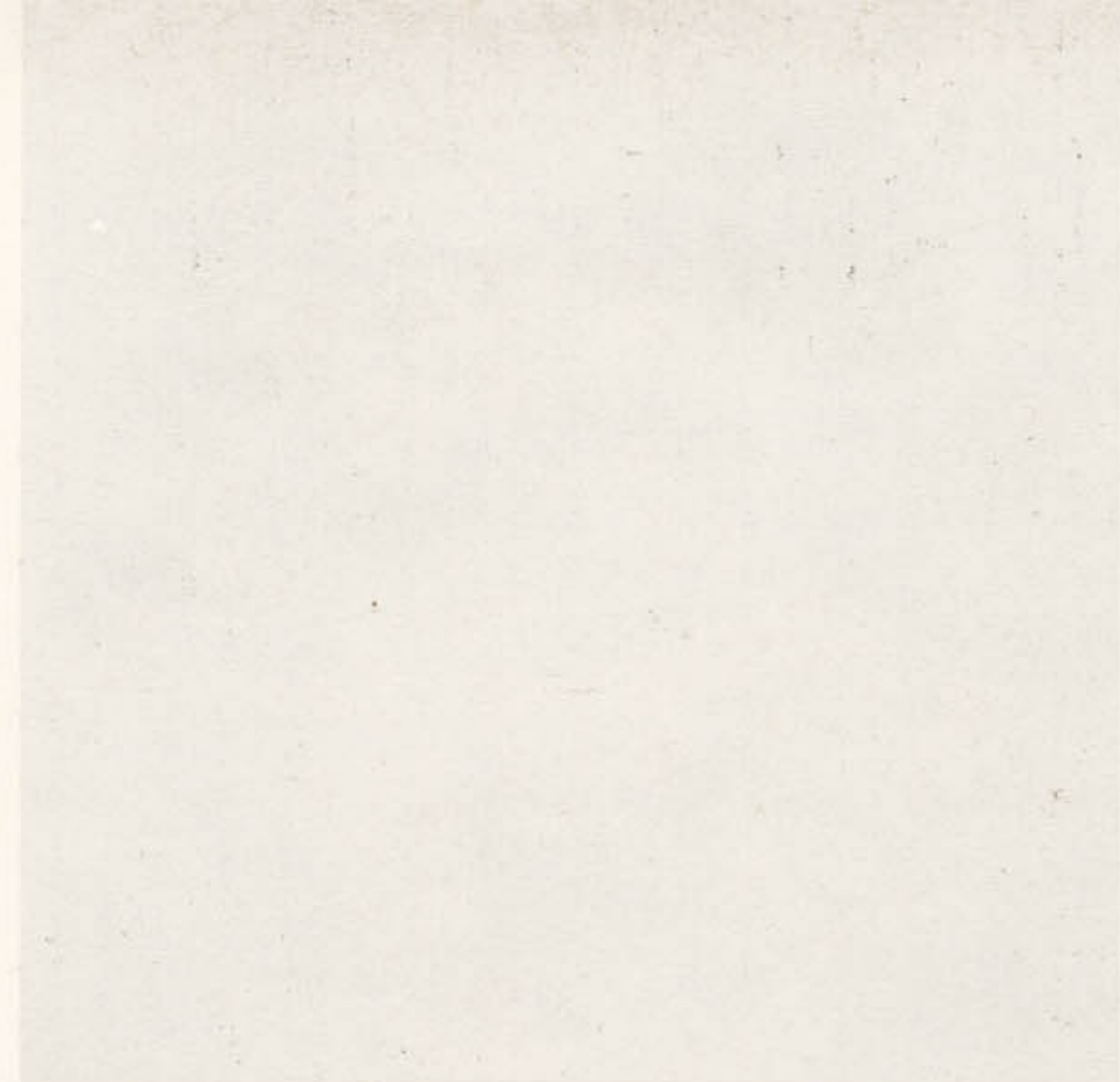
In a moment of emotional torment, one of Pink Flamingo's showgirls has regrets after "entertaining" a customer.



Backstage at the Pink Flamingo, the girls get ready for their next performance. Pony Tail is second from left.

Midnight confronts Solo with the gun she found stashed in his office. His life rested in her hands after this discovery.





Solo, the man she loves, to spend the night at her apartment. Solo refuses, only to be brutally beaten by Dinelli's thugs, who also wreck the Pink Flamingo. With the willing help of his strip-girls, Solo repairs the damage by opening time. He then discovers that it is Dinelli who is behind the attack, and settles the account with the aid of a strong-man.

Journalist Jouvel, who is at last making headway with Lilliane, plans a pleasant surprise for her—redeeming some silver hairbrushes she had earlier pawned. Through the initials on the brushes he identifies her as a girl whose disappearance makes front page news. Then he is torn between his personal feelings and his professional instinct to get a “scoop” based on his first-hand knowledge.

Jouvel is paying a final visit to the club when Arpels, a lecherous regular patron, asks Solo to arrange a date for him with Pony Tail in his apartment. Despite Midnight's anxious protests and a jealous attack by Cynthia (who had previously been the willing victim of Arpel's rough handling), Solo refuses to offend his best customer and sends Pony Tail on her way.

It is only when Midnight tells him of a telephone conversation she has

In a wild, figure-revealing blouse, Midnight confronts Solo in a tense moment during film.



Solo is brutally beaten by Dinelli's hoods, who look even more menacing with their faces masked by nylon hose.



Midnight (left), Solo and two showgirls survey the damage to the Pink Flamingo after it is wrecked by Dinelli's thugs.





overheard that Solo realizes Novak is in league with Dinelli and will stop at nothing to put him out of business. Enraged, Solo summons Novak to his office, after promising the terrified Midnight he will not use a gun. During the stormy meeting between the two men, the police barge in to tell them that Pony Tail has been found dead in Arpel's apartment.

In court, Midnight has a choice. She found a gun in Solo's apartment, a discovery which would surely im-

plicate him in one of the murders. Her faith in her lover is permanently shaken, but . . . well, you'll have to see the movie to find out.

If the plot sounds like a winding, twisting course to a trite ending, it is. Even the minor sub-plots are tangled. But out of it all, Jayne manages to give a commendable performance, and she's especially good in the production numbers. And—there's a lot of Jayne to be seen.



'THE SHAME OF PATTY SMITH'

Blasts the lid off a vicious racket!



Sweat beads Patty Smith's face as she undergoes illegal abortion by ruthless gang that preys on young girls in trouble.

In "The Shame of Patty Smith," a movie finally has the guts to take a stand on a controversial issue that has been hushed up for years — and yet a vicious racket that thrives on the issue continues to grow like an ugly tumor. The film is, in fact, a still indictment of present laws prohibiting abortions. The movie delivers its message clearly and simply, without shouting — a message claiming that laws should be changed to allow unfortunate women to receive medical attention by competent doctors in regular hospitals. More specifically, it advocates that abortions should be permitted in "special" cases usually involving rape.

And Patty Smith's case is indeed "special."

Patty is a young girl from a small town in Kansas who comes to Los Angeles (that's the only trite part of the plot). She shares an apartment with another girl. One balmy summer night Patty and her boy friend drive to the beach. Suddenly, they are surprised by three hoodlums. The boy is beaten and the girl is criminally attacked by the trio who, it is learned later, are narcotics addicts. Confused and in a state of semi-shock, Patty neglects to report the attack to the authorities.

A few weeks later she learns she is pregnant.

First, Patty goes to her family doctor, who is kindly and sympathetic but explains that the ethics of his profession do not allow him to perform an illegal operation. Next, she tries a wealthy society doctor who is only too happy to help her — for \$600. But Patty can't raise that kind of money.

One day, in desperation, Patty wanders into a church to pray. The priest senses that the girl is in serious trouble, and asks her to let



Patty's anxious roommate (Merry Anders) pays a visit in hospital after abortion.



Patty is led to the operating room by her contact (left) and nurse (right)

him help. When he learns the nature of her problem, and what she intends to do about it, he chastises the girl for her intention to break the law of God and man.

Now Patty is truly desperate. She has been let down by everyone except her roommate Mary. Even her boyfriend does not want to see her anymore.

Then, Betty comes up with another lead. A bartender she knows of is supposed to know a doctor who will perform the operation for \$200. The bartender actually screens and channels desperate young girls to a large-scale abortion ring. Soon, Patty is picked up by a member of the ring and taken to a massage parlor, where the operation is performed.

More problems. Patty becomes very ill, and her roommate calls the family doctor who rushes her to the hospital to treat the severe infection that has set in as a result of the unsterile techniques used in the abortion. The doctor then notifies the police, who man-



Doubt crosses Patty's face just prior to the operation in massage parlor.

Patty pays a visit to a wealthy society doctor, who is very willing to perform the illegal operation — for \$600 cash.





Wandering into a church to pray, Patty receives sympathy from the priest — until he learns what she is intending to do.

One moonlit night at the beach, Patty and her boy friend are confronted by young hoods. They rape her, beat boy friend.



ages to track down and arrest the operators of the vicious abortion ring. The three hoodlums who attacked Patty are also brought to justice.

The movie does not have a typical happy ending, but the message is brought home just the same.

The story in "The Shame of Patty Smith" is a true one, based on material uncovered by the Los Angeles County Grand Jury. More than two years of research went into the preparation of the movie, a tribute to Producer-Director Leo Handel. During the research, Handel learned that more than 8000 women, an average of one every hour of every day in the year, are killed by quacks performing illegal abortions.

The part of Patty was played by Dani Lynn, a newcomer to films, who actually was making her debut on the screen. During his search for the right girl to play the part, Handel decided to take a chance with the untested, untried young girl, and his gamble paid off. Since shooting "Patty," Miss Lynn has appeared in a number of TV shows, motion pictures and TV commercials.

Patty's roommate, Mary, was portrayed by Merry Anders, a veteran actress who has many movie and TV roles among her credits. Previously known as a frivolous ingenue from her other roles, this was Miss Anders' first major dramatic portrayal.

"The Shame of Patty Smith" was originally denied a seal of approval by the Motion Picture Association because the subject matter involves illegal abortion and the word "abortion" is mentioned six times during the film. This ridiculous denial was later re-examined by the Association in light of the fact that three subsequent films dealt with the subject of abortion — and all three received the seal.

"The Shame of Patty Smith" should be returning to your area soon. It's an important social commentary, and deserves your attention. ♦



Patty has some second thoughts about the operation as she chats with "doctor," but, in desperation, she goes ahead with it. Serious infection later set in.



Patty first learns she is pregnant from family doctor, who explains that ethics of his profession and the law make it impossible for him to perform operation.

Cocky young hood prepares to criminally assault Patty, the act which made her pregnant. Police later learned that all three hoods were narcotics addicts.





It is twilight in Los Angeles, and the small airport on the outskirts of the city is humming with activity. At one end of the airfield a twin-engine plane waits silently while passengers file into its belly. Among the happy passengers are two stunning girls; one, a redhead, is tall and statuesque, while the other, a blond, is shorter and has a generous endowment of bosom.

sort, the two girls quickly hop into a cab and head for one of the major hotels on the famous Las Vegas Strip. As they enter the doors of the glittering inn, they spot a familiar face and wave in friendly greeting. The bell captain waves back and says, half-sarcastically, "Hi, girls. Ready for another big weekend?" He's a little bitter because he isn't getting a piece of their

for-pay girls who thrive in Las Vegas. It's become axiomatic that wherever there's easy money, whores abound. And there are two things Las Vegas has in greater ratio than any other city in the world: money and whores. Prostitution flourishes today in Vegas for two principal reasons: supply and demand, and loose enforcement of already liberal city and coun-

THE TRUTH ABOUT LAS VEGAS

The real story they BAN from the public . . .
By Tony Androtti

Both are wearing beautiful evening clothes that seem a bit out of place for an airplane flight. They carry no luggage.

This particular plane has only one mission in life: transporting people over mountains and desert to Las Vegas, then returning them to Los Angeles. The passengers laugh and talk excitedly and sip champagne, secure and happy in the knowledge that they will soon be in the gambling mecca. It is Friday night, and when they return home Sunday night most of them will have been fleeced at the tables . . . but still happy. Our two girls look forward to their arrival in Vegas for a different reason.

When the plane sets down 65 minutes later at McCarran Field on the outskirts of the desert re-

action. The two girls are prostitutes, getting set to work the hotel's lounge for "tricks."

But they aren't ordinary whores. During the week the redhead is a hostess at a fashionable restaurant in Beverly Hills, and the blond is a secretary for a large advertising agency. They are part of the corps of Southern California girls—"week enders," as they are known on the inside—who lead respectable lives during the week and on weekends become prostitutes. For their two nights of work they can expect to pocket at least \$500 each—not a bad supplement to a \$90-a-week-job.

Actually, the amateur weekend prostitutes are only a small part of a massive army of play-

ty ordinances governing prostitution. In 1961 there were 135 girls arrested for prostitution on the Strip; only two were convicted.

Unlike other cities in the U.S. where the red-light districts are well-defined and limited to a specific area, Las Vegas is one big whorehouse. Out of its 65,000 population, a conservatively estimated 10 per cent are connected with prostitution activities. Included in this group are cab drivers, bellboys, bartenders, news dealers, owners of such establishments as motels and liquor stores, gamblers, pit bosses, casino police and, of course, full-time professional pimps—all of whom rake in a sizable fortune each year from the earnings of whores.



At the top level of the profession in Las Vegas are those girls who put out for high rollers (heavy gamblers) as special favors to pit bosses. Since they aren't getting cash on the line for their boudoir endeavors, the girls rationalize that they aren't really hookers because they still maintain their amateur standing. The girls in this echelon are usually cocktail waitresses or showgirls—the two best jobs a girl can get on the Strip.

The best-paying position in town for a woman is that of cocktail waitress in a Strip hotel-casino. The actual salary is only eight dollars a day, but tips can multiply the small wage by as much as 10 times or even more. The most coveted spot for a waitress is in the "pit," that roped-off island between the gaming tables where

pit bosses watch the action with eagle eyes and where drinks are served free to the players. Since the smallest change a player has while gambling is a silver dollar, the tips can get to be astronomical—especially when a lucky winner dumps a handful of the cartwheels on a waitress's tray. Because of her contact with the gamblers and her proximity to the pit bosses while she works, a cocktail waitress is said to have "juice" (power, influence). Of course, when a pit boss is looking for a bed partner to entertain a high roller, the cocktail waitress must dutifully obey when he snaps his fingers.

The excitement of the Strip, the fast and easy money, and the unusual demands of her job often lead a cocktail waitress into some strange experiences.

Billie B., a waitress who worked the pit in one of the major hotel-casinos on the Strip, told this writer in an exclusive interview: "The weirdest character I ever ran into was a high roller from Texas, who the head pit boss told me to entertain after he'd dropped 300 G's in a single night on the craps table. Well, I want to tell you, this guy was a sexual freak. Let's face it, he was a degenerate. He made me do some things that turned my stomach, but I had to do them or lose my job. I can't tell you everything, but one thing he made me do was put on his leather gloves and cowboy boots—nothing else—and parade around the room. He was a real weirdo.

"I guess I satisfied him," Billie B. continued, "because when he left the room he gave me a

thousand dollar bill. But he couldn't just hand it to me and say 'thanks.' Not this guy. He insisted on putting it on my body, in a place where you wouldn't ordinarily expect to find money."

Billie B. is married and has a three-year-old daughter. She told me her husband doesn't work, but just lays around the pool at their expensive apartment in Las Vegas and takes phone messages for her. She said she earns a minimum of \$2000 a month.

Another important position for a girl, as far as the casino bosses are concerned, is that of showgirl. They're considered good for business, and immediately after their performance they're required by the house to sit in the lounge for at least an hour to "dress up the room."



The showgirls are a great enticement for the customers who saw them just minutes before on stage in the nude or nearly nude. In the Strip hotels the girls have orders to mix with the customers and to be prepared for any arrangements the management wants to make. Thus the showgirl can still say she retains her amateur standing, at least in theory, because she's giving her all as a favor to the bosses. Of course, if a satisfied customer wants to slip her a crisp green bill or a hatful of \$25 chips, she can't afford to offend a high roller by refusing his money.

Another level in the caste system of Vegas prostitution, a little lower than the "favored amateurs" class, encompasses the house whores at the various Strip hotels. These girls usually

come under the control of the hotel's bell captain who is in charge of all sexual activities being conducted under "his roof," except those assignments arranged by casino bosses. (The Southern California weekend hustlers, who operate on their own, are another exception.) The house girls in most cases live in the hotel, and conduct their business in their rooms. An enterprising bell captain will keep on hand a wide variety of girls, in order to satisfy even the most perverse whims of his customers.

Most of the girls engaged in the "profession" in Vegas are hard-core whores who migrate to the desert resort from brothels across the country. In the hotels, their action comes primarily from the bell captain, but also from pimps, cabbies,





bartenders, etc. The rate starts at \$100 and can go up to four figures for an all-night session. The pimp generally gets 40 per cent.

But not all Vegas whores are veterans of the business. Some girls are sucked into becoming professional hookers. Among the huge turnover of divorcees temporarily living in Las Vegas to fulfill their six-week residence requirement, some fall easy prey to sharp-eyed, fast-talking pimps. Several factors can make them available: the fast pace and high cost of living, the enticing gambling tables open around the clock, and the feeling of newly-acquired freedom, the loneliness and disillusionment.

Yvette W., a former divorcee turned prostitute, told me how she had fallen into her "career." A young, lush brunette with curves that belonged on stage in a Strip hotel, she had been

married to a singer and received a large settlement as part of her divorce decree. She became hooked on gambling, and soon the money had dwindled to nearly nothing. Then she became an easy pickup for the Vegas sharpies, and a long evening of dinner, show and gambling usually wound up in her room, with her giving away for free what she now charges a small fortune for. One man who had sampled her favors paid her hotel rent for two weeks.

"One night I was sitting alone in a hotel bar," she related, "bemoaning my fate and wondering just what I had become. A guy came over and bought me a drink, and soon I was spilling out my troubles to him. He offered to loan me \$200, and when I refused he pressed it into my hand and left. Next time I heard from him he said he had a friend who was loaded, and he'd like to

meet me. The guy turned out to be about 60 years old, but back in my room you would have thought he was 20. He gave me \$300, and I took it because I was broke.

"Soon I was seeing this guy's friends every night, and rolling in money again. I knew what I was doing, but I was living too good a life to quit. One night my friend from the bar met me for dinner, and asked me if I'd like to make some really big dough doing the same thing I'd been doing. I said sure, so he took me to his motel on the edge of town. In the next three months I made about \$16,000, but I only got to keep about \$3000. During that time they wouldn't let me leave the motel or talk to anyone, and when I tried to run away they said they'd tell my family in Phoenix that I was working as a whore if I tried it again. So here I am, but now I've made it—I'm a Strip whore."

One of the more unusual sex kicks in Vegas—and often a front for a whorehouse—is the massage parlor, that old and respectable health center where tired muscles are rubbed back to vitality. Only in Las Vegas, there's more for sale than just a rubdown. The massage parlors are staffed with beautiful boys and girls, many still in their teens, who are prepared to indulge the whims of male and female customers, no matter which gender they prefer. A 1962 ordinance passed in Las Vegas made it illegal for women to massage men and vice versa, but the massage parlors are still in business and nothing has changed—except the price, which is now higher.

There are other types and levels of prostitution in Las Vegas, all of which flourish in the city of sin. Homosexuals now abound in the city, a recent innovation which allows them to practice their perversion



and make big money at the same time by making themselves available to visitors with deviant tastes and big bank-rolls. Lesbians are also plentiful in Vegas, and they burn the sex candle at both ends, so to speak, being for hire to both lesbians and straight male customers who aren't aware of their playmates' preferences.

The old-fashioned brothel is practically extinct in Las Vegas. There are only a few left over from the rip-roaring days when the whorehouse was the major sex outlet in town, and they usually take the form of a motel where a few girls have handed

(Continued on page 70)



Hero Fabian and his girlfriend Tonia make wild love in the ocean. Movie was spiced by sexy, daring scenes such as this.

Reckless Teenagers on the Loose In . . .

'THE YOUNG GO WILD'

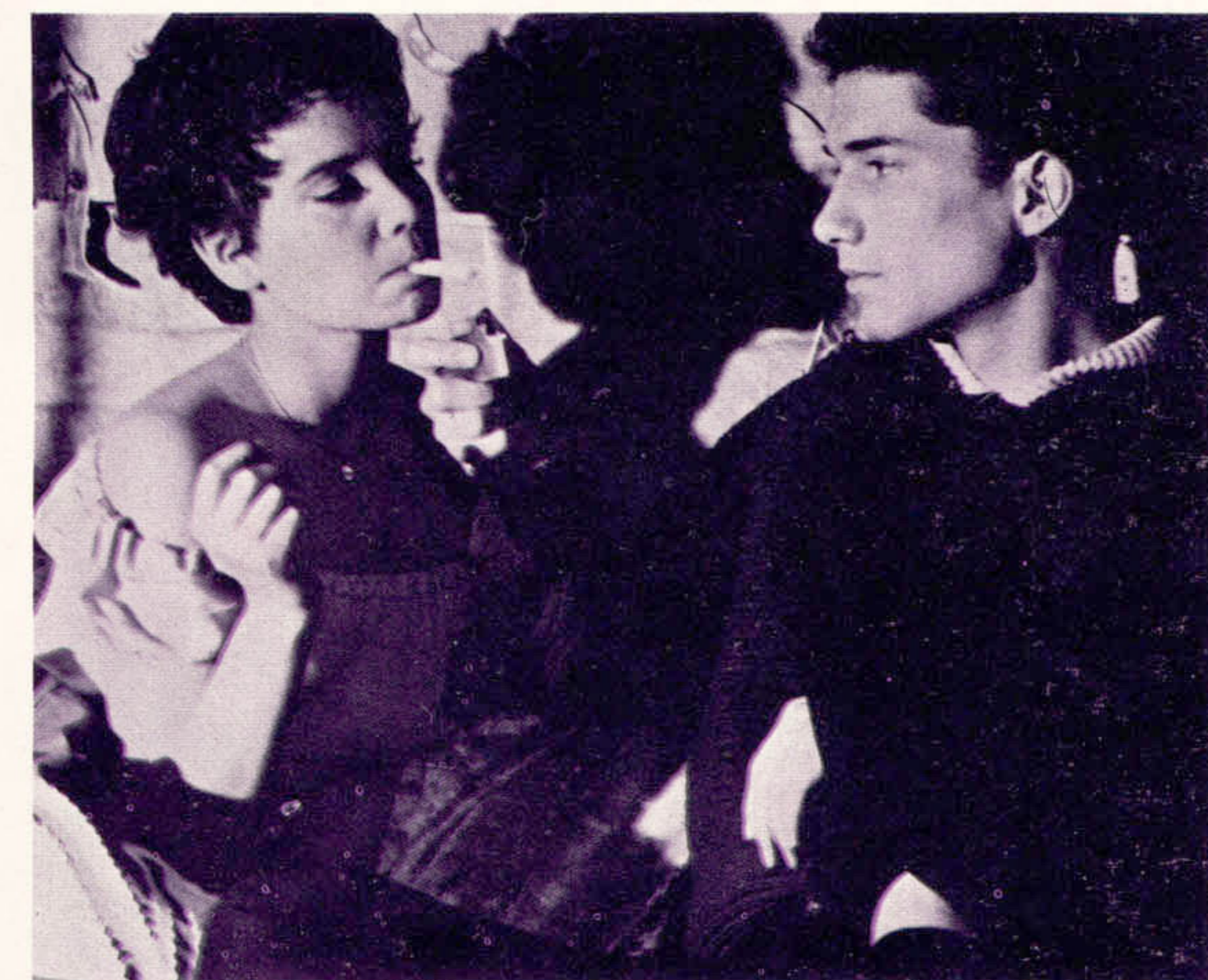
Restless teenagers on the loose, caught up in the turmoil of modern-day frustration and passion, is the theme of "The Young Go Wild." This German-made film contains a number of "hot" love-making scenes, most of which will probably escape the censor's scissors. It will be exhibited in theaters throughout

the country.

The movie centers around the theme of a young man's crime spree launched by adult misunderstanding. The hero is one Fabian Konig, the son of well-to-do parents, who is mistakenly accused of theft. When no one believes his story, not even his parents, he feels betrayed

and alone.

Fabian becomes a hero to several of his colleagues and they form a gang with Fabian as their leader. What began as a half-serious enterprise soon becomes serious when the gang resorts to stealing to support their lavish headquarters and wild, uninhibited parties.



Fabian is accused of having another lover by his jealous girl friend.



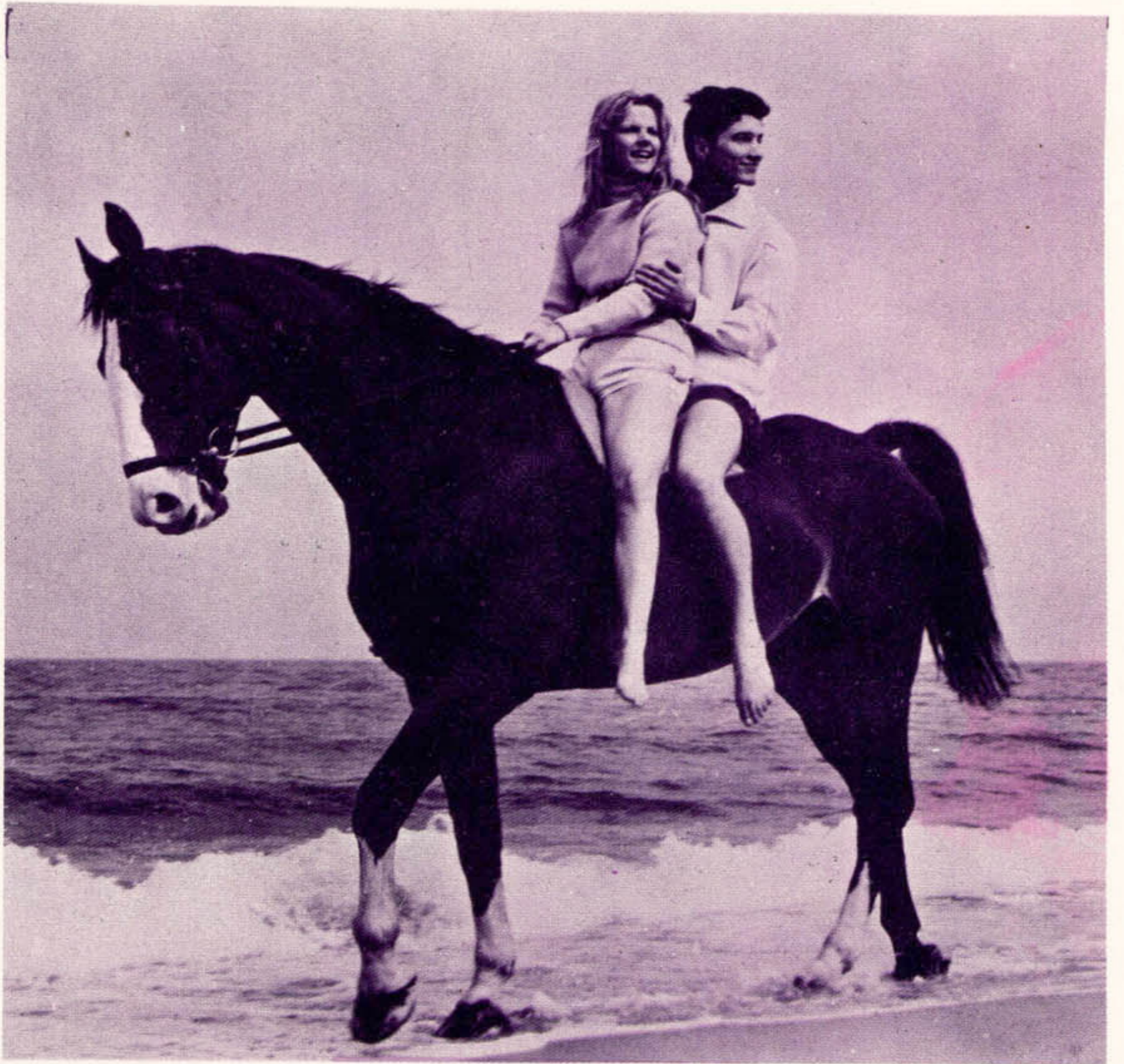
At this point the young hero makes contact with Bregulla, a notorious receiver of stolen goods.

At Bregulla's home Fabian meets Tonia, a young orphan who has run away from home. Fabian falls for Tonia, and one day walks in on Bregulla as he is attempting to rape her. A fight ensues, the villain is later found murdered, and of course Fabian is accused as the murderer.

The plot gets a little complex at this point, as Fabian's friends desert him, and he is sent to jail on a murder rap. However, the prison doctor, a kindly soul who takes an interest in Fabian's case, is not satisfied with the court's decision and carries on his own investigation. Further comment would give away the ending, but it's pure Hollywood — complete with message and moral.

"The Young Go Wild" is an exciting, fast-moving film with plenty of action, violence, hard lovemaking and a plot that's fairly believable. The characters are also believable, and the female leads are good examples of healthy German beauty. ◇





A pictorial spectacular of movie scenes
you CAN see on the screen

UNCENSORED!

The bars have been lifted, the censor's scissors has been dulled, and suddenly American movie-goers can see films that a few years ago would have been unthinkable. One of the major reasons for the new "loose" policy is a changing viewpoint on censorship by our lawmakers, all the way up to the Supreme Court. At the same time, Americans are now able to read books that until recently had to be smuggled out of France.

It wasn't too long ago that movies like "The Immoral Mr. Teas" and "Not Tonite, Henry" shattered the censorship curtain and paved the way for semi-nudity to be shown on American screens. Since that first breakthrough, there has been an avalanche of "nudie cuties," pure nudist films and sex exploitation movies that is symptomatic of this country's ever-maturing sex attitudes.

Gone are the old puritannical codes that made sex a dirty word in the movies; gone are the taboos that prohibited realism and the innocent display of female epidermis; and gone are the days of the Production Code Seal's iron-clad control of what could and couldn't be seen in the theaters. America is finally growing up, and U.S. movies are growing up along with the country.

The scenes on these pages were taken from a wide variety of films, ranging from nudie cuties to nudist movies to comedies to weak films whose only justification for existence in their lavish display of female pulchritude. Most of the scenes here are from American movies, but quite a few are from Great Britain. In the last couple of years, the British have challenged the U.S. position as the major purveyor of this type of film.

Have a good look at these stills, then go out and see the movies in your local theaters. They can all be seen in America.



PLAYGIRLS INTERNATIONAL





PLAYGIRLS INTERNATIONAL





**Mamie Van Doren in
3 NUTS IN SEARCH OF A BOLT**

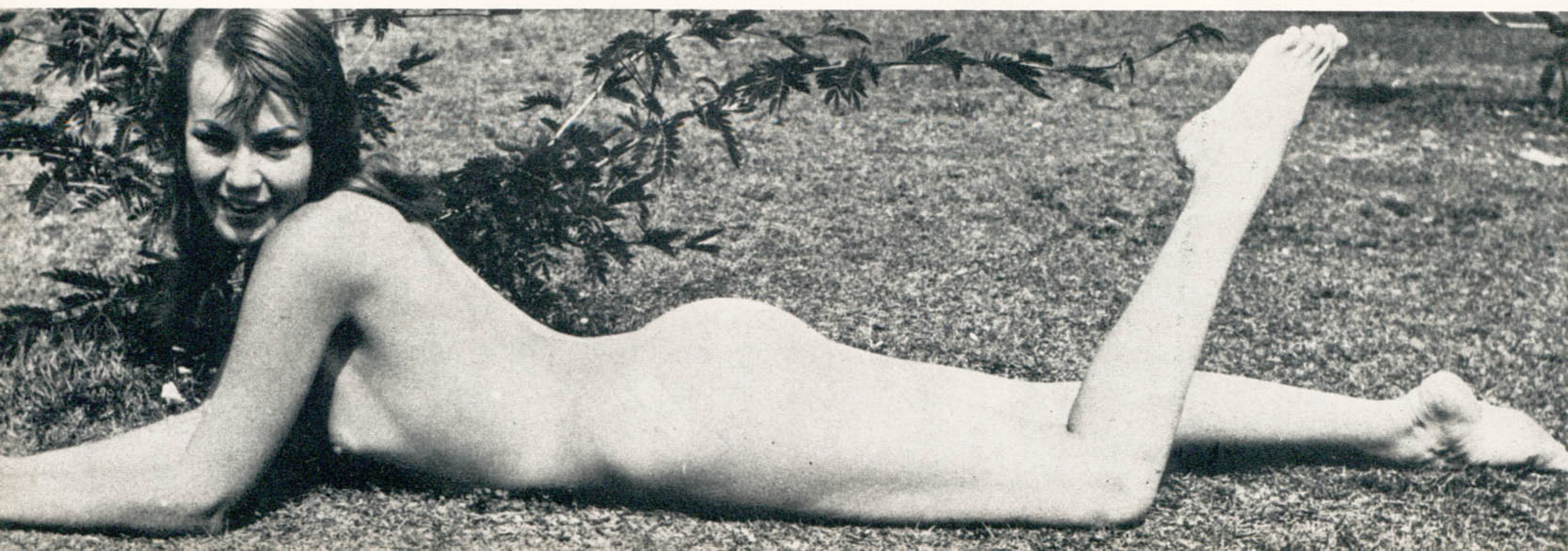
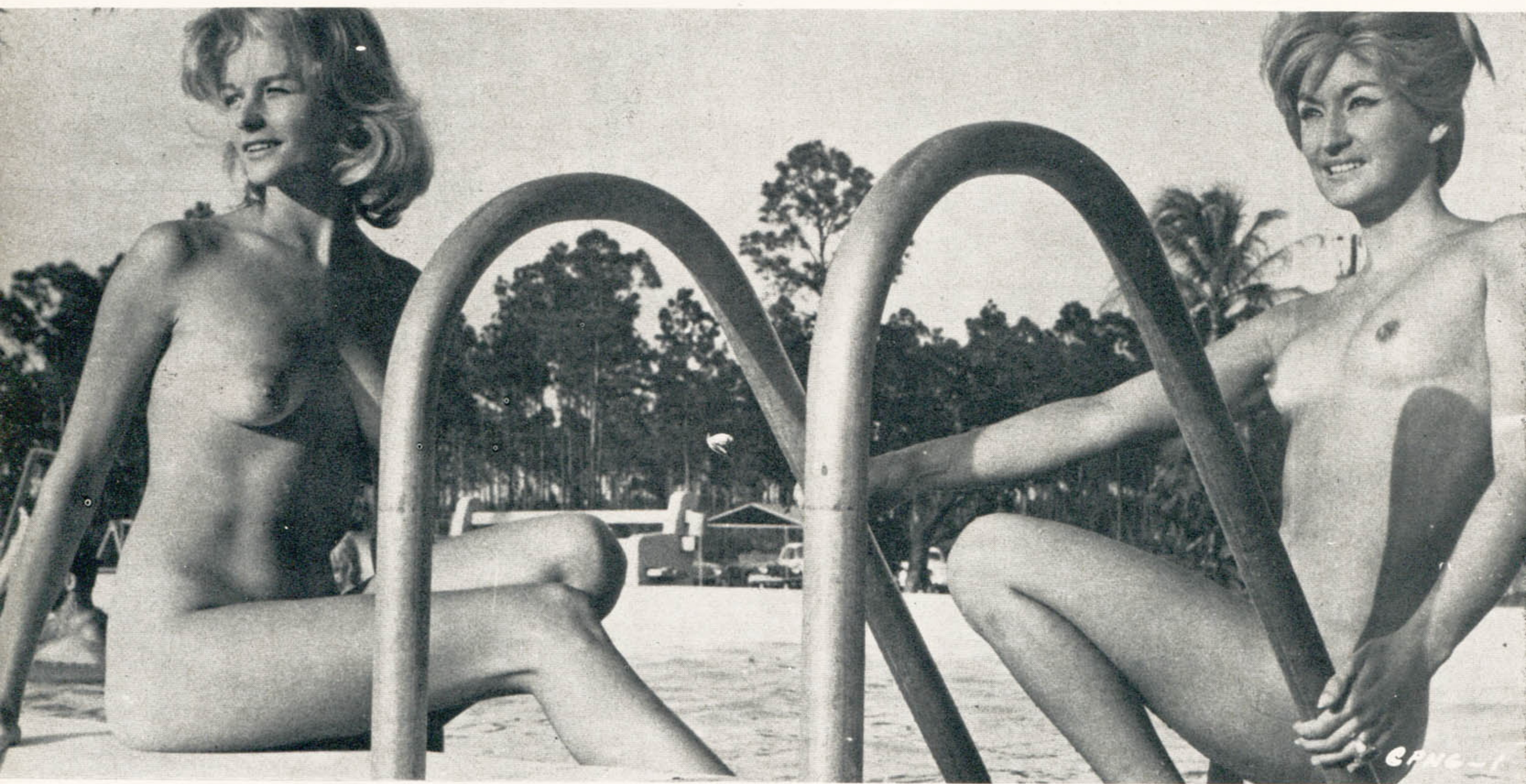
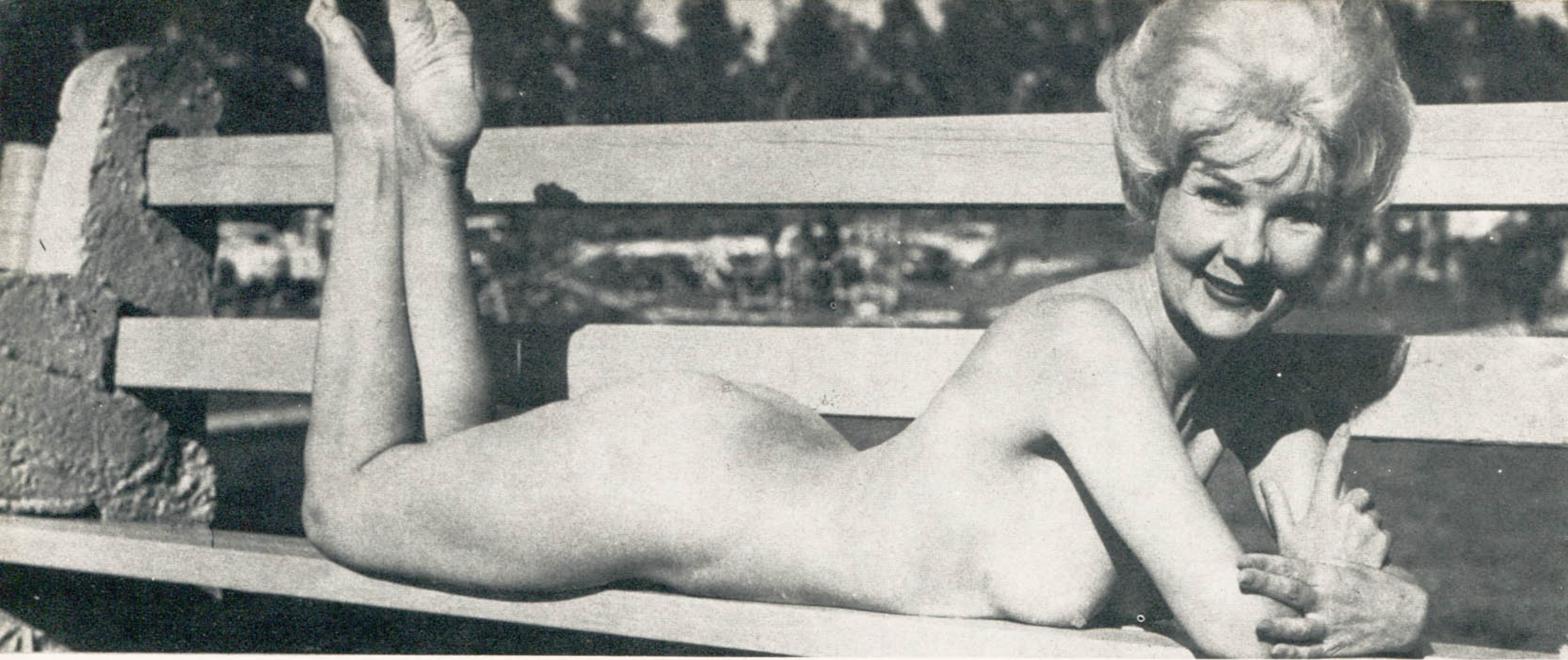






AROUND THE WORLD WITH NOTHING ON





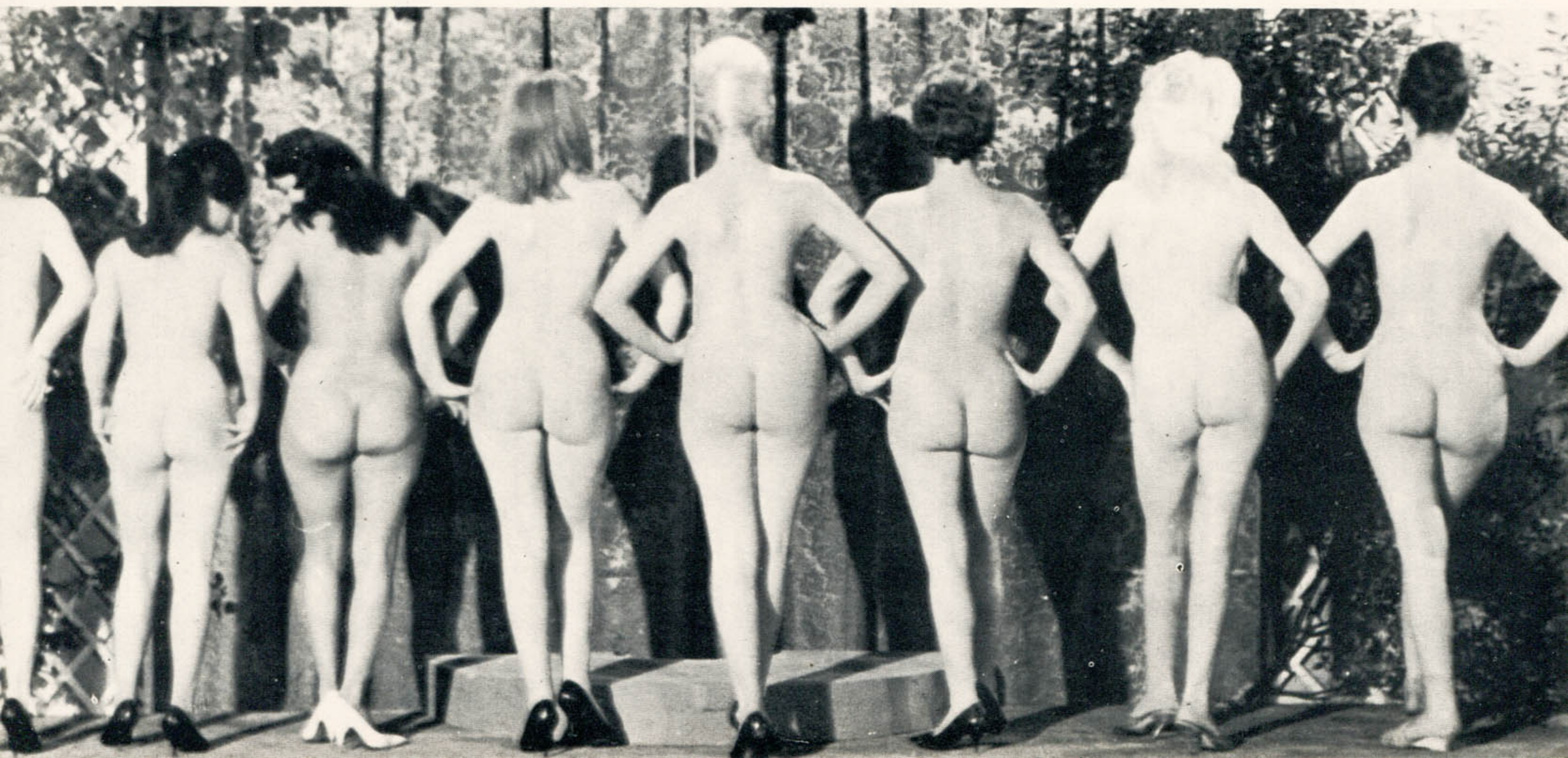


GENTLEMEN PREFER NATURE GIRLS





MY BARE LADY





SUNSWEPT







SEVEN DARING GIRLS
A MANSON FILM CORPORATION RELEASE





CENSORSHIP

Kenneth Anger's 'Scorpio Rising' wins lengthy court battle

The theater manager, 25-year-old Michael A. Getz, who had been arrested and charged with holding a lewd exhibition, remained relaxed and confident in his chair. Several times he calmly stroked his goatee, as he had done throughout the trial. He showed no other reaction. He was confident in his belief that the film in question was a "brilliant moral document, a true work of art that should be publicly shown." This was no publicity stunt—the trial, so far, had cost Getz and his theater owner, Louis Sher, \$7000.—Couple this with the immense anguish they must have suffered and you see the high price being paid for Getz's moral convictions. Also, if the case were lost, he would have to pay a \$500 fine or spend 50 days in jail, or both.

Eighteen seconds (essential to the artist's comment) out of the 31-minute motion picture was on trial. This consisted primarily of three shots. Two of these shots lasted six seconds each on the screen and the other for a short one-half second. The remainder of the 18 seconds were transitional frames. Most of the spectators missed the latter shot.

The first two shots were of black-jacketed motor-

cycle cultists at a ritual, reminiscent of a black mass. It shows them preparing to commit sodomy. The one-half-second shot is of a male genitalia. The objectional material consisted of 400 frames out of the 44,500 frame composition—a rather small amount of material to condemn an entire intended work of art, especially when the photography had been made deliberately misty and the cutting made deliberately as swiftly as it was. In fact, the jurors required three viewings.

The film was "Scorpio Rising" by Kenneth Anger.

The problem had started back on March 7, 1964. At 9:15 on a Saturday night, the Los Angeles Vice Squad raided the Cinema Theatre located in Hollywood. The Cinema is probably Hollywood's most unique art film house. After viewing the motion picture, "Scorpio Rising," at the 8 p.m. showing, Sgt. Hannon of the Vice Squad stopped the show and confiscated the film from the projectionist, Bob Evans, charging it with "lewdness," "obscenity" and "pornography." He told Getz that the film would either be returned or would be shown to the city attorney and held as evidence. "Scorpio Rising" at that time was the co-fea-

ture with "Hallelujah The Hills."

The Cinema received no official word from the Vice Squad for a week, at which time Getz was notified by mail that he was to appear for arraignment on Wednesday, March 18, for "exhibiting an obscene film."

The very fact that the Vice Squad has hesitated as long as it did before actually notifying Getz of his "criminal action" would seem to indicate that the authorities had found it difficult to come to an agreement as to whether or not the film was actually obscene.

The absurdity of the seizure becomes even more apparent in the light of the fact that on Monday, March 16, it was announced that Kenneth Anger was awarded a

\$10,000 Ford Foundation grant on the basis of his previous works which included, of course, his most recent, "Scorpio Rising."

Movie critic Hazel Flynn (Hollywood Citizen-News), who published a review on March 5, is believed to be the chief reason for the official attention given "Scorpio Rising." The inflammatory piece is printed below:

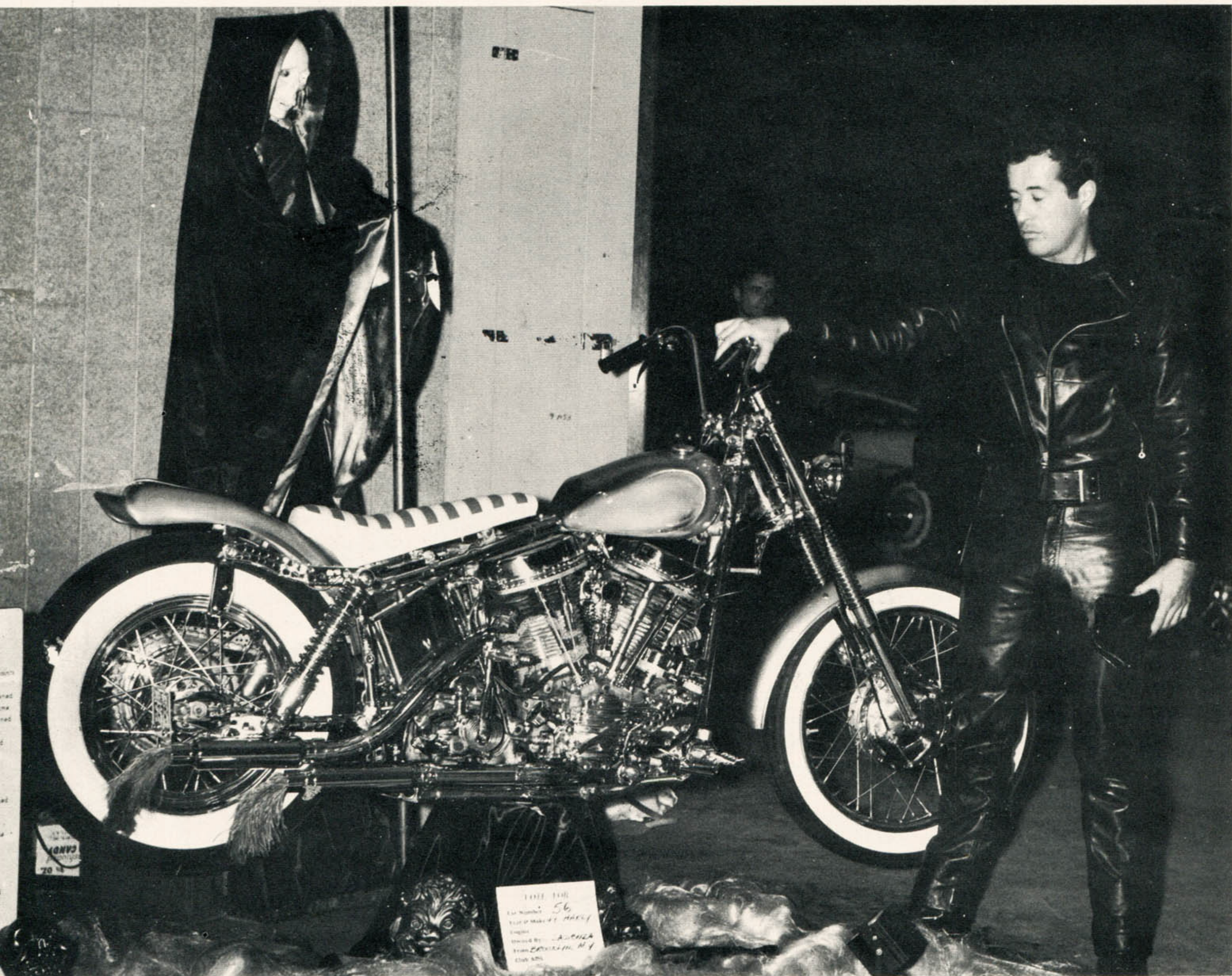
With "Hallelujah" the Cinema management has booked a film which is undoubtedly the most frightful ever photographed with the exception of the Buckenwald concentration camp part of "Judgement at Nurenberg." It is "Scorpio Rising" made in Brooklyn, U. S. A., by . . . Kenneth Anger.

"Scorpio" is really a documentary (documentary?) about youthful "Hell's Angels" gangs of motorcyclists who smoke marijuana, use brass knuckles and chains, feign Nazism, and throw torture parties during which homosexuality and bestiality are openly practiced.

The movie is in weird colors as though seen through the eyes of a muggles smoker or user of a South American hallucination drug, and it does something which no one has dared before — **SHOWS A BLACK MASS**, or worship of the devil. This is horrible blasphemy!

One delicate little sequence

Kenneth Anger, writer-director-producer-cameraman of "Scorpio Rising," poses with souped-up motorcycle used in his film.



has an addict jumping around under the influence and turning his back close-up, taking down his trousers and sticking his posterior right up in front of the camera's eye and therefore those of the audience.

It is my opinion that "Scorpio Rising" belongs in a medical lecture or the police files. It should not be allowed to be exhibited to the general public even if it is factual.

One small point should be made about this review. Miss Flynn shows a great deal of naivete in her article and should find out what she is writing about before she presents her material in print. For one thing, it was a Lucky Strike cigarette the young man smoked—not marijuana. And the drug they used was sniffed as one might do with heroin.

"Scorpio Rising" is an experimental film filled with symbols, rituals and emblems of the black leather-jacketed motorcyclists cult, the rebels of our society who champion nonconformity as their cause. They, of course, conform (to their own ideals) much more strongly than do people in our conventional society that the cultists seek to escape. Kenneth Anger (anti-cultist) says this very strongly in his film. In the way he tried to compare the sadistic and masochistic elements of the cyclist to Christianity and nazism, he fails. But the fact that he was creative and brave enough to try is commendable. His actors also should be complimented on frightfully realistic performances. They looked like the real thing. The photography was often excellent but not consistent.

The two-week trial commenced on April 29. The prosecuting attorney, Warren I. Wolfe, called five witnesses: a psychiatrist, an industrial photographer, Hollywood Vice Squad Police Sgt. Terrence Hannon, who had originally filed the complaint, a police department photographer, and a Boy Scout leader from a Methodist church in La Crescenta.

Defense attorney Stanley Fleishman, who specializes in this type

of case, called 13 witnesses including Mike Getz, the defendant. It should be noted here that Mr. Fleishman had won an earlier case, on appeal, concerning a work entitled "Fireworks," also by director-writer-producer Kenneth Anger. The impressive array of experts called as witnesses for the defense included: Colin Young, professor of cinema at UCLA and film critic for the publication FRON-TIER; Mel Sloane, professor of cinema at USC; Arthur Knight, also a professor from the same school and film critic for SATURDAY REVIEW; Archer Goodwin, professor of anthropology at Valley State College and technical director for the Eastman Kodak Pavillion at the New York World's Fair; Dr. Ted Carpenter, head of the Department of Anthropology at Valley State College and the author of a nine-volume publication for the Ford Foundation on communications; art critic Jules Langsner; Marty Ritt, motion picture director ("Hud," etc.); Verna Fields, motion picture film cutter; Ruth Herschman, drama and literature program director for KPFK, a local FM radio station; James Powers, film critic for the Hollywood Reporter; The Rev. Paul Sawyer of Valley Unitarian Universalist Church; and Rabbi Leonard Berman, Leo Baeck Temple.

The defense witnesses all testified that "Scorpio Rising" is not obscene, and that the film sequences were essential in portraying the behavior and character patterns of the juvenile fascist-narcissist characters.

Professor young, the defense's strongest witness, testified that the short film cuts implying homosexuality "would repel or alienate rather than attract audiences." He summarized his main point by saying, "People who are committed to mechanistic society tend to go toward fascism," and that "the cultist may indulge in homosexual activities." Later, in a comment made to the press, he stated that "Although Anger's film SHOWS homosexuality and perversions of one kind or another, it leaves the audience completely free to judge.

Incapable of answering the mass volume of spiritual and professional testimony given by witnesses for the defense, prosecuting attorney Wolfe resorted to dramatic and emotional tactics. In an appeal to the frightened all-female jury, he demanded that they find "Scorpio Rising" obscene in its entirety and "utterly without redeeming social significance." If they refused to do this, Wolfe screamed, they should be prepared to find the same kind of "filth" flooding their living rooms by way of television. He tried to hit home again by reading aloud a few lurid passages from the controversial book by Henry Miller, "Tropic of Cancer." He used this as an example of the rising pornographic menace.

The jury had reached their verdict and were solemnly facing Judge Bernard S. Selber in his Municipal Court in downtown Los Angeles. The 12 women avoided the eyes of the defendant. After balloting four times they had found Michael A. Getz guilty of "exhibiting an obscene film," a criminal offense. Evidently prosecuting attorney Wolfe had gotten through to the jurors with his emotional antics and the expert testimony of the defense went far above their heads.

At the end of the trial, Getz commented: "I am frightened that society ignores the opinions of experts concerning a work of art and decides that no one will be allowed to see it. I am frightened that the Vice Squad functions as a censor board. I am frightened that experimentation, exploration and strong expression is being discouraged, and that creative artists in America are having their freedom taken away. Finally I am frightened that so many people do not find these things at all frightening."

Of course, with the "guts" that are an integral part of his makeup, Getz appealed the case to a higher court. Subsequently a three-judge panel reversed the jury's decision and dismissed all charges against Mike Getz. Thus, another point against censorship and old-fashioned witch hunting was entered in the record book. ◇





HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST STAG MOVIE

**'Kiss Me, Stupid' wins
censor's approval . . .
and embarrasses audiences**

"It happened in Climax, Nevada!" leeringly scream the movie ads, giving a good clue as to the tone set in Billy Wilder's latest screamer, "Kiss Me, Stupid." The famed writer-producer-director had reached great heights in his previous sex-comedies, but his latest effort has to be written off as a colossal dirty joke.

"Kiss Me, Stupid" is the story of an aspiring song writer's desperate attempts to get his songs published, and the chicanery he employs to get a famous singer to perform his melodies. Dino, a Dean Martin type played by (who else?) Dean Martin, is the highly successful singer who stops in the little town of Climax (a fictitious name) to fill his tank with gas. The operators of the station are Barney (Cliff Osmond) and Orville (Ray Walston), a pair of would-be song writers who can never get anybody important to listen to their songs. When the pair recognizes the famous Dino, they conspire to keep him in town awhile, hoping to coerce him into singing their songs.

But Dino has a notorious reputation with women — he gets severe headaches unless he has a woman every night — and the fanatically jealous Orville fears that Dino will take his wife like an aspirin. Orville comes up with a solution: he hires a substitute wife for the evening — Polly the Pistol,



Hysterically jealous Orville (Ray Walston) forgets that Polly (Kim Novak) isn't his real wife, storms out in a rage.

Dino (Dean Martin) engages in a little innocent fun with Polly. Later, he crawled under a table to see her legs better.



the town's leading B-girl (Kim Novak), who works at the Belly Button. Then Orville and Barney get Orville's luscious wife Zelda (Felicita Farr) out of the house for the evening and invite Dino over to dinner.

As expected, Dino makes a play for Polly (who, incidentally, wears a jewel in her navel,) but the insanely jealous Orville forgets who is supposed to be doing what to whom and he throws Dino out of the house and makes a play for Polly. Dino, meanwhile, wanders into a roadhouse and meets Zelda, who is by this time falling-down drunk. Dino calmly seduces her, gets rid of his headache, and next morning leaves \$500 for her services. As an afterthought, he also buys one of her husband's songs.

Several days later when Orville hears one of his songs sung on nationwide television, he can't understand it. His wife caresses him fondly and whispers, "Kiss me, stupid." These are the jokes, folks.

Even though the movie seemingly has a lot going for it (Martin, Walston, Novak, Farr, Andre Previn's music, songs by George and Ira Gershwin, plus Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond, his screenplay collaborator) it relies on risqué dialogue and several deep décolletage shots of Miss Novak for effect. This is in addition to the fact that the whole plot is based on a stag-type dirty joke.

The most curious factor about the movie is that it received the movie industry's Production Code Seal, which is required for a film to be released by a major company. In fact, many theaters won't even show a film without the seal. That "Kiss Me Stupid" was awarded the awesome seal of industry approval is evidence that Hollywood is running scared — of foreign films, of television, of diminishing audiences — and that even its censors are willing to come to the aid of a business seemingly in the throes of a desperate fight for survival.

Strangely enough, after Wilder had turned down the censor's request to change the film's not-too-subtle ending (it shows Martin and



Nervous about whole situation, Orville tries knitting while Dino chides him.

and Miss Farr in bed in an obvious seduction scene), he called back the two stars for a re-shooting of the ending. This came after the film had been previewed on both coasts—and had received the seal. The cleaned-up version shows Martin apparently falling asleep, although whether he slept all night is a moot question.

This slightly modified version was sent to the Catholic Church's Legion of Decency, which viewed the film with obvious horror. The appalled Legion members gave the movie a C (Condemned) rating, simultaneously advising the nation's 40 million Catholics to boycott theaters showing the movie.

Following the condemnation, a ranking member of the Legion issued the following statement: "Satire on the foibles of its people has



Tense scene in "Kiss Me, Stupid" as Polly disrobes for hot-blooded Dino.

One of Polly's claims to fame was the jewel she wore in her navel. Here it's inspected by patron at the "Belly Button."



always been a sign of the healthiness in a society. Through humor, the weaknesses of men can be exposed to a salutary recognition by all, and many times, much more effectively than by serious preaching.

"In the case of 'Kiss Me, Stupid,' not only has Mr. Wilder failed to create a genuine satire out of a situation comedy . . . but he has regrettably produced a thoroughly sordid piece of realism which is esthetically as well as morally repulsive. Crude and suggestive dialogue, a leering treatment of marital and extramarital sex, prurient preoccupation with lechery compound the film's bald condonation of immorality."

The Legion subsequently revealed that of 16 films given a "C" rating last year, 15 were foreign movies. The sixteenth was "Kiss Me, Stupid."

For Billy Wilder, the cinema genius who has turned out such masterpieces as "The Apartment," "Irma La Douce," "Some Like It Hot" and "One, Two, Three," his latest film is a test of just how far he can go with sex-comedy. Wilder insists that "Kiss Me, Stupid" is not a dirty picture. Rather, he calls it "a comedy, period; a picture which deals with human dignity, with the revolt of the little man. If you like the people in the picture, then what they do does not appear dirty."

But for "Kiss Me, Stupid," as with all films, the final test is not concerned with art, or taste, or skill. The final test is at the box office. ◇







A life-sized oil painting of Mayer, made from this photo by a clever scenery painter, hung in the lobby of the Colonial theater in Haverhill when Mayer opened it.

Louis B. Mayer

(Continued from page 15)

Newspapers gave the story front page headlines. Another black mark against "the dirty Hollywood crowd." Divorces were not as popular in that day as they are now but they were happening—happening frequently in other social circles—but to *America's sweetheart?*

Another incident that might be worth mentioning was a little coffee clatch held at Brownie Kennedy's Roadhouse at Mishawam Manor in Woburn, Mass. Without going into too much detail let me just say that the check came to \$1,050. Just now, off-hand, I would say that that was an awful lot of coffee and cake consumed in just a few hours, especially when they had just come from a dinner given at the Copley Plaza.

"Fatty" Arbuckle was the host. Motion

picture magnates of national prominence were the guests. Unfortunately, some of the "ladies" (and I use the quote advisedly) began to talk. A hurried meeting of the Hollywood "bigwigs" that had attended the party took place, and \$100,000 was raised to deal with the situation.

The money, evidently, talked—and to the right people. However, the newspaper publicity was still damaging to the image that the motion picture industry was trying to set up for itself.

At another party following shortly after, disaster struck again. "Fatty" Arbuckle attended this party as well. Virginia Rappe, a minor screen actress, died after the affair and Arbuckle was charged with manslaughter. The newspapers reported the case in lurid detail. The facts for the defendant were inconclusive and discouraging. Not only were several unreleased Arbuckle comedies and millions of dollars' worth of good will for Adolph Zukor's Famous Players Company at stake, all of Hollywood was on trial for its moral behavior. Zukor, at a great financial loss to his company, stopped release on all the Arbuckle films.

Needless to say, Arbuckle was acquitted but his career was ruined.

By this time the movie industry had made provisions to protect itself in the name of the newly formed Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, headed by Will Hays. As a matter of fact one of the first orders of business was the disposal of the "Arbuckle Case."

Hence, Mayer was having his wish. Even though he was not a big enough producer at that time to be included in the formation of this office and the hiring of Hays, he expressed his inherent favor as to the film industry's protecting itself against smut and immorality.

After the Famous Players Company withdrew the Arbuckle films and stopped distribution of the unreleased reels, Mayer issued the following public statement, presenting as always, a personal point of view resulting in a plug for his studio: "I haven't any particular love for Adolph Zukor but in this instance, he certainly backed Hays up manfully, despite the fact that it cost his company around \$2,000,000. So far, I have to be thankful that no picture of mine has ever come under the ban of any censorship. I have always striven to keep them clean."

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(Continued from page 39)

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